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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

MR. BALFOUR GIVES HIS NIECE AWAY: WEDDING OF THE HON. E. LASCELLES, WHO IS GOING TO FIGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY.

P. 1907

P. 40 D



Princess Louise, who was among the guests.

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Mr. Balfour has souvenir handkerchiefs offered to him as he leaves the church.

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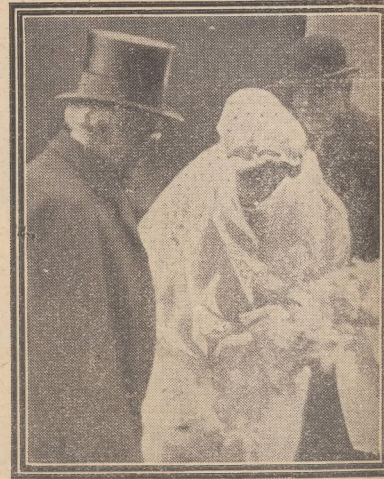
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A little military spectator.



The bride and bridegroom.



Mr. Balfour and his niece.

There was a distinguished congregation at St. Colomba's Church, Pont-street, London, yesterday for the wedding of Miss Joan Balfour, daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and niece of Mr. Balfour, and the Hon. Edward Lascelles, son of Lord and Lady Hare-

wood. The ex-Premier gave the bride away, and the luncheon which followed the ceremony took place at his residence. The bridegroom is going to the front before long. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MRS. ASQUITH.

P. 2625



Mrs. Asquith, whose toilette was much admired, arriving for the Balfour-Lascalles wedding yesterday.

P.C. R. CECIL.

P. 5294



Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Lowther, the Speaker (opening his umbrella), who were guests at the Balfour-Lascalles wedding. Lord Robert is a special constable at Hitchin.

CAME TOO LATE.

P. 19085



Miss Emily Palmer, who was awarded £50 for being jilted yesterday, and Mr. Alfred Plumley, the defendant. He arrived in court when the hearing of the case was all over.

ALL HER OWN.

P. 11709



Miss Dorothy Funston, the actress, smiles and shows her teeth, which were libelled. She got damages.

*First
Sunday
Picture
Newspaper*

Out on Sunday

Produced with all the photographic and other resources of the DAILY MIRROR behind it, the new Journal will contain PAGES AND PAGES OF PICTURES and all the news.

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

24 FULL PAGES 1d.

LADY IDA SITWELL AND A PRINCESS.

Letters Appealing for Advances
Read at Old Bailey Trial.

"SEE OLD DOBBS."

Lady Ida Sitwell, who wore a black dress and brown fur hat, stepped into the witness-box yesterday when Mr. Justice Darling resumed the hearing of the conspiracy charge—in which she is a defendant.

The case arises out of two bills for £3,000 each, and the other defendants are Oliver Herbert and Julian Field. It is alleged that the three conspired to defraud Miss Frances Dobbs, of Streatham.

A number of letters written by Lady Ida were read, in one of which a reference was made to "old Dobbs." Lady Ida alleges that the letters were dictated to her by Field.

The hearing was adjourned.

"HELP IN DIFFICULTIES."

Answering her counsel, Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., Lady Ida, who was wearing a black dress and a brown fur hat, said that in 1911 she was in debt to the extent of about £2,000.

She was recommended to Field by a friend, and she told him she wanted to raise money to pay her debts.

Field first mentioned Herbert to her in January, 1912. The name of Miss Dobbs was first mentioned to her by Field, who said she was an old lady who had between £3,000 and £40,000 a year and who lived in Kent.

Field told her he thought she (Miss Dobbs) would lend her £8,000 at 5 per cent.

Lady Ida said she first saw Herbert in January or February. He was introduced by Field at Herbert's offices in Dover-street.

She trusted Field absolutely, and he used to send her draft copies of letters for her to write.

"SO GOOD TO ME."

One of the letters addressed and copied by the witness, and dated April 6, 1912, was as follows:—

"My dear Friend,—As you have been so good to me in assisting me in my difficulties and so kindly promised to continue to do so and to help me in getting my business through, with a recognition of your services to ask you to accept as a present from me the proceeds of the two notes of hand drawn by me dated and dated £3,000 each, of which is to be accepted by Miss Dobbs after the price of the discount has been deducted and the £1,000 which I understand Mr. Herbert has paid to Miss Dobbs, requires has been paid to him.—Yours sincerely, Lady Sitwell."

Mr. Purcell, cross-examining the witness, read a letter written by her to Field from Bourne-mouth:—

"Oh, dear! I have just had a letter from Lady — saying she does not see her way to signing the paper. I think it is the moneylender. What is to be done? I think it is a prince who is terrified of a Jew and writes very strongly."

In another letter the witness wrote:—

"Is it not possible to get hold of this woman you told me about? Of course, I will do everything in my power to get her into the society she requires. That lies in the hollow of my hands. . . I have another string to pull. There is a prince. I know she will help me. Her husband has not got the money. She is not very rich but financially sound."

IF THE WORST HAPPENED.

Counsel remarked that the princess mentioned was not an English princess.

A further letter which Mr. Purcell read, written by Lady Ida to Field, said:—

"It seems really impossible to make women understand that one must be absolutely sound and straight, doesn't it? So do try and get me a man as second backer. Of course, I could push the ladies who are good at about £15,000 a year."

In a further letter Lady Ida wrote:—

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, and you will be rendering me a great service, if you could obtain an advance of £4,000 for twelve months at a reasonable rate of interest. I need a prince if the worst came to the worst both my brother, Lord Londesborough, and my husband, Sir George Sitwell, whose income is about £15,000 a year, would pay at once such a debt of honour."

This letter, Lady Ida said, must have been dictated by Field for the purpose of being shown to people.

In a further letter Lady Ida wrote: "Had I not better try to see old Dobbs or get her to Scarborough, or something, and in another: "When do you suppose old Dobbs will pay?"

Another letter was quoted by the judge as follows: "My boy quite hopes if he joins the 11th Hussars there will be some boy he can get hold of."

Counsel read a letter saying: "My boy saw young Glass the other night. I fear he is, or will be, of no use."

The judge: Did your boy tell you he hoped that if he could join the 11th Hussars there would be some boy he could get hold of?

Witness: No, I thought that, my Lord.

Did you wish him to go?—I asked him if he could find somebody.

To back a bill?—I suppose it must have been, my Lord.

Lady Ida was asked by the judge about a young man named Wilson, who she said had backed a bill of hers for £4,000.

The judge: Did he have to pay the bill he backed?—No, I think he had. That the money was paid by her husband.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Cloudy and misty at first, fine later; temperature differing but little from the normal.

'SHOWN WITHOUT TEETH.'

Pretty Actress Obtains £30 Libel Damages for Dentist's Advertisement.

WHAT THE JUDGE THOUGHT.

A screen advertisement exhibited in a music-hall showing two photographs of an actress—one without teeth and the other as though teeth had been provided—was the subject of a libel suit in Mr. Justice Scrutton's court yesterday.

The photographs were used to advertise "Davis's Dentistry," one being called "Before," and the other "After." There then appeared the following verse:—

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
But not when your teeth are bad.
So hustle and pay us a visit
And get the laugh that is glad.

The actress was Miss Dorothy Funston, who is appearing at present in "The Country Girl," at Daly's Theatre. She claimed libel damages from Mr. Cecil Pearson, a dentist, of Shaftesbury avenue.

Her counsel, Mr. Lewis Moses, said Miss Funston was taking a principal part in the sketch "The Scout" last March, and her photograph was published in the stage paper. It was from this that the advertisement reproduction was made. The screen was shown at the Victoria Palace.

At the observed counsel, "that this held out to the audience that Miss Funston at one time had no teeth, and that she had sunk so low that she could make gain out of her infirmities by letting her photograph be used in this way."

Miss Funston, who lives in Tavistock-square, gave evidence, and under cross-examination by Mr. Cannot (for the defendant) she said she was in the chorus at Daly's.

At the plaintiff's case Mr. Cannot submitted that the libel was not defamatory. Mr. Justice Scrutton: Not defamatory to show a young and good-looking person with all her teeth out! You had better try and persuade the jury on that point.

Mr. Cannot: The defendant is in Russia. He is an officer in the Russian Red Cross, and I have no witnesses to call.

The judge, summing up, said another question that arose in his mind was how far this sort of thing might be extended. "Can you show a person with no hair on his head and then with a crop advertising someone's restorer?" (Laughter.)

The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff, awarding £30 damages, and judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.

PLACE FOR EVERY MAN.

Plan to Mobilise Labour for War Purposes
Outlined in Government Circular.

"Let the fit men go," is the burden of an appeal to local authorities, circulated by the Local Government Board, regarding the organisation of labour for the war.

The Board states:—

In view of the needs of recruiting and of the demand for labour for the manufacture of war materials and for the production and transport of supplies, the Committee of Imperial Defence emphasises the importance of releasing male labour of high physical quality, so far as possible, from other occupations, and of substituting men of more advanced years or, where the conditions allow, women workers.

The Board goes on:—

That only men who are indispensable for the work of the local authority should be refused permission to enlist; that artisans who belong to trades needed in the war, and who, in the absence of alternative occupations, wherever possible, be released and encouraged to find employment there.

It is pointed out that the Treasury has decided to restrict capital issues by local authorities within the narrowest limits.

After the termination of the war it is possible that unemployment may again become acute. Excesses of the war works and buildings which are now reluctantly postponed could then be carried into effect with double advantage.

WOMAN FOUND DYING.

Under circumstances which point to foul play two women living in a large residence at Hayes-road, Bromley, were found last night suffering from terrible wounds.

Neighbours hearing a scuffle informed the police. One of the women, Miss Layard, about sixty years of age, and who had been married for sixteen years, was suffering from severe injuries to her head, and was removed to Bromley Cottage Hospital, where she died.

Miss Summers, who had acted as companion housekeeper, was found with injuries to her throat, and with both her wrists cut. The injuries appeared to have been inflicted with a knife.

Detectives are making inquiries concerning a man about middle age, who was seen outside the house early in the day.

AMERICAN SHIP RELEASED.

The American ship *Vitalia*, which has been detained by the British Government at Falmouth since February 20, with general cargo on board, has been released.

The difficulties of her release have been surmounted by the cargo being consigned to the Netherlands Overseas Trust, says the Central News.

BRIDE'S LACE CAP-VEIL.

Miss Joan Balfour Married in Church of Scotland to Hon. Edward Lascelles.

PRINCESS LOUISE A GUEST.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was one of the many distinguished guests present yesterday at the wedding of Miss Joan Balfour to the Hon. Edward Lascelles, at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont-street, Belgrave.

The bride, who is the second daughter of Lady Frances Balfour, is one of the few commoners who can claim relationship to the blood royal. She is a great-niece by marriage of Queen Victoria, her mother being the sister of the late Duke of Argyll, and thus a sister-in-law of Princess Louise.

The bridesmaid, who is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood, and a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, has to leave shortly for abroad, and so the wedding took place sooner than was at first arranged, as the bride was not so bridesmaids to follow the bride.

Given away by her uncle, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the bride looked very charming in her satin gown. She set quite a new fashion for brides, by wearing a short veil of old lace arranged in cap fashion with the wreath of orange blossom, this being covered by a very long one of fine tulle, falling over the face.

Her dress was of charmesse with a quaint apron and underskirt of white tulle edged with narrow ruffles and the corsage was embroidered with silver boules and pearls.

Princess Louise wore a black dress and seal skin coat, with a very becoming high black chiffon hat, and she had a string of beautiful pearls over a white chiffon collar.

Lady Frances Balfour, who wore a dress of raven-satin blue with a small bonnet and long figured blue veil, afterwards greeted her friends in the porch.

Other notable guests at the wedding were Lady Betty Balfour, the Countess of Harewood, the Duke of Northumberland (the bride's uncle), Mrs. Asquith and Miss Violet Asquith, the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil, and the Earl and Countess of Desart.

The Duke of Northumberland has lent Zion House, Brentford, for the honeymoon.

HITTING THE PERISCOPE.

New War Game Representing Battleship's
Fight with Submarines.

"Inventors of war games, puzzles, tricks, etc., have never been so industrious as they are at the present time, but only about 1 per cent. of their ideas are likely to be commercial successes."

This interesting statement was made to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by one of the directors of Messrs. Gamage's with reference to the multitude of new war games now on the market.

"Since the war began we have been interviewed almost all day long, every one of whom believes his idea to be worth a small fortune," he said.

"A very good game is shortly to be put on the market. The idea is based on the 'pirate' warfare waged by the German submarines on British shipping. It is played with two model submarines and a model battleship."

"One person is in charge of the submarines and another is in command of the battleship. The vessels begin frigate at each other."

"The battleship hits the periscope of one of the submarines the struck vessel immediately 'explodes.' If the submarine succeeds in 'torpedoing' the battleship the battleship is the man-of-war blows up."

"It will not be a cheap toy—the probable price will be about £10—but it is one of the most fascinating games we have ever had."

Innumerable 1d. and 2d. toys are now being sold which have the Kaiser or the Crown Prince for a subject.

BAYONET IN HYDE PARK MYSTERY.

The dramatic discovery of an old sword-bayonet with scabbard in a Westminster sewer was the reason given yesterday for the further adjournment of the inquest concerning the death of Alice Elizabeth Jarman, a woman who lived at a lodging-house in Notting Hill, and who was found dead in a ditch in Hyde Park with wounds in the throat, abdomen, arm and leg.

On the bayonet which has been found there were certain marks, said the coroner, which would have to be examined by an expert in order to determine whether they were blood stains or not.

GERMAN COUNT AT LARGE.

The Under-Secretary of State for War is to be asked in the House of Commons this following week whether the German Count Erich von Bassowitz and his brother, Count Adalbert von Bassowitz:—

Whether they were brought to England as prisoners of war.

Whether either was formerly on the staff of the German Embassy in London and well known in London Society.

Whether one, and which, of the two brothers was recently set at liberty and is now at large in London—whether he was released on any and what conditions.

He will be asked, also, for what reason this German officer, possessing exceptional opportunities for obtaining information likely to be useful to the enemy, is allowed freedom in England at the present time.

"AMATEUR SOLDIERS IN HIGH POSITIONS."

Government Asked Not to Treat
Public as Stupid Children.

BUYING A HORSE.

"The Government should treat the nation as grown-up people and not as stupid children, and tell them how many men the Germans could put into the field and how many troops we should have to raise to meet them."

Such were the words in which Mr. Walter Long in the House of Commons yesterday summed up his complaint that the Government were not taking the public sufficiently into their confidence as to the actual state of affairs at the front and at home.

Opening the debate on the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill, Mr. Long drew attention to the failure of the War Office to redress a number of grievances arising out of the war.

The country was unanimous in its desire to do all it could for the brave fellows fighting, and he regretted that the Government had not appointed a committee known to the House to co-ordinate the administration of the various war departments.

Mr. Long pointed to wastage of activity and overlapping of work in recruiting.

With regard to the shortage of officers, he said that in almost every town of reasonable size there were two recruiting offices—one for the Regular Army and one for the Territorials.

Ninety-five per cent. of the men who were joining for active service, and, therefore,

M.P. DECORATED.



Captain P. A. Clive, M.P., who has been awarded the Legion of Honour. Accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, he crawled to a German trench under heavy fire and obtained valuable information.

to maintain two distinct organisations was a waste of men and money.

Proceeding to illustrate his argument, Mr. Long said that they found two recruiting sergeants standing facing each other in a narrow street. The one got half a crown for each recruit and the other got nothing.

Either they were wasting money in the one case or doing an injustice in the other. "At all events, they were wasting their forces."

There were plenty of old soldiers in the country, said Mr. Long, who would come forward to do recruiting work.

Why should this work be done by a gallant soldier of thirty years of age, who knew his job thoroughly, and was willing and anxious to fight?

WHO SHOULD BUY HORSES?

Commenting on the "incompetency of the official system of horse-buying," Mr. Long said that officers might be good judges of horseflesh, but it did not follow that they were familiar with the intricacies of the highly-slicked business of horse-buying.

Why should officers be buying horses in America and Canada when there was work for them to do in France or in this country in training the New Army?

He deprecated the appointment of amateur soldiers to high positions.

The War Office had been gravely remiss in appointing amateurs to the plums of the Army.

He was not referring to the Marquis of Salisbury or Colonel Seely, who had both worked hard to deserve promotion. But there were many cases where promotions had been made which ought to have gone to the "real article" and not to the amateurs, he suggested.

HARD WORK AT WAR OFFICE.

Replying to Mr. Long's speech, Mr. Tennant said that some of the phrases in it were calculated to injure the War Office and give comfort to the enemy. (Opposition cries of "Rot.")

The right hon. gentleman, he said, "hit hard at the War Office. He must not expect us to take it lying down."

Does the right hon. gentleman deny that we work very hard at the War Office?

Mr. Long: If the right hon. gentleman wants a certificate of character from me—(laughter)—I will repeat what I have often said—viz., the War Office does work very hard. (Laughter.)

Mr. Tennant declared that the War Office system of recruiting and horse-buying was both efficient and economical.

He denied that they were being swindled in the American horse market.

The Consolidated Fund Bill was read a third time.

SEA DRAMA OF THE GERMAN ARMED LINER PRINZ EITEL FRIEDRICH

Raider Flees from British Cruiser to American Port.

CAPTAIN ADMITS BLOWING UP AMERICAN SHIP.

Investigation Ordered by President Wilson—Armed Liner To Be Interned.

PIRATE'S TORPEDO MISSES A BRITISH STEAMER.

Much yet may come of the drama of the German war liner, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, and the American sailing ship William Frye. In order to escape from a British cruiser, which was pursuing her, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich put into the American port of Newport News (Va.).

On board the Eitel Friedrich were a number of prisoners, mostly seamen and officers taken from British, French and Russian vessels that had been sunk.

Among them was the skipper of the American sailing ship William Frye.

It is now disclosed that the German raider on January 23, in the South Atlantic, ordered the William Frye to jettison its cargo of wheat.

As the operation took too long the commander of the commerce raider had the William Frye blown up with dynamite.

The disclosure of this act has created a great sensation in America, and President Wilson has ordered a most searching investigation to be made.

The captain of the war liner states that he will intern his ship as he recognises the impossibility of escaping the British cruisers.

HOW WAR LINER TREATED AMERICAN SHIP.

William Frye Blown Up by Dynamite Despite Protests of the Skipper.

NEWPORT NEWS (Va.), March 11.—The German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich has arrived here.

It is reported that she was chased to the three-mile limit by a British cruiser. Her armament consists of three 8 in. and ten 6 in. guns, and she carries a crew of 350.—Central News.

The Prinz Eitel Friedrich, says another Central News message, is reported to have 326 French and Russian prisoners on board.

NEEDS REPAIRING.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—According to information received here the commander of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich is badly in need of repairs.

These it is thought would take three weeks or a month to execute.

Rear Admiral Beatty, in a report to the Secretary of the Navy, says the captain of the German vessel says he will require 1,500 tons of coal to enable him to reach the nearest German port.

He has admitted that he destroyed the American sailing ship William Frye.

The United States Government will demand immediate reparation in respect of the sinking of the William Frye.—Central News.

WILL INTERN HIS VESSEL.

NEWPORT NEWS, March 11 (later).—Captain Friedrichs, the commander of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, intimates that he will intern his ship, as he recognises the impossibility of escaping from the British cruisers.

With regard to the destruction of the American ship William Frye, it appears from the cruiser captain's admissions that the crew of the William Frye were ordered to jettison the cargo of wheat.

They obeyed the order, but the operation was too slow for him, and, despite the vigorous protests of the American skipper, he blew the ship up with dynamite.—Central News.

SEARCHING INQUIRY.

WASHINGTON, March 10 (delayed).—The news of the sinking of the William P. Frye has caused a deep sensation in official circles.

Comment is withheld in the absence of a full report of the circumstances, but it is freely stated that if the steamer carried only grain, which she cleared from Seattle, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich had no right to destroy her.

If she was carrying contraband, the German cruiser might probably, under certain exigencies, have had the right to sink her, but in that case the view is expressed that the owners must be compensated.

The William P. Frye had her hull insured for

\$2,310 under a policy issued by the Government War Risk Bureau.

According to the Government figures, the full value of the vessel was \$18,000. She was sunk on January 27 in the South Atlantic.

In an interview President Wilson declared that a most searching inquiry would be made into the affair, and that whatever action was eventually taken would be based on the result of that investigation.—Reuter.

According to a Reuter New York message, Captain Kichine, of the William P. Frye, says he told a boarding officer from the Eitel Friedrich that his ship was American, and that its cargo was only wheat.

Nevertheless, when the crew were removed the Germans tied a dynamite bomb to the side of the ship and exploded it, declaring that the ship was carrying contraband to the enemy.

According to a telegram from Seattle, says Reuter, the Frye's manifest shows that her cargo consisted solely of wheat, which was consigned to Queenstown and Falmouth.

"OUTRAGE TO AMERICAN FLAG."

NEW YORK, March 11.—The Evening Sun comments in emphatic language on the blowing up of the William Frye.

"This outrage is little short of piracy, and the insult to the flag must fill with indignation every citizen worthy of the name.

"Can nothing be done to teach this lawless raider and the world at large that the American flag must be respected on the high seas."

RAIDER THAT POSSESSES TWO SEA "FACES."

Eitel Friedrich Painted Black on One Side and White on Other.

While at sea, says a Reuter New York message, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich was painted white on one side and black on the other.

The Eitel Friedrich would in the ordinary way have twenty-four hours for coal before being obliged to proceed to sea, but the need for repairs is expected to give her a longer respite.

With an hour of her anchoring the commander applied to a local shipbuilding concern to carry out the repairs.

They in turn telegraphed to Mr. Daniels, Secretary for the Navy at Washington, for instructions.

The commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard later received directions from Mr. Daniels to inspect the warship and ascertain the extent of the repairs necessary and to report on the subject.

It is understood that the question of permitting repairs to be carried out will be immediately submitted to the Neutrality Board at Washington, acting for the State, War and Navy Departments, which will also decide how long the cruiser may remain in harbour.

CRUISER'S VICTIMS.

The Customs collector at Newport News, says Reuter, gives the following list of the ships sunk with the date and the number of persons removed from each.

Jan. 27.—Russian barque Isabel Browne; thirteen.

Jan. 27.—French barque Pierre Loti; twenty-four.

Jan. 28.—American ship William P. Frye; thirty-one.

Jan. 28.—French barque Jacobson; twenty-three.

Feb. 12.—British barque Invercoe; twenty-three persons removed.

Feb. 18.—British steamer Mary Ada Short; twenty-eight.

Feb. 19.—French steamer Florida; crew of seventy-eight and eighty-six passengers.

Feb. 20.—British steamer Willerby; twenty-seven.

TORPEDO'S 20 YARDS' MISS.

The coasting steamer Helen, which arrived yesterday at Liverpool from Bangor, reported that she had sighted a submarine eight miles west-north-west of the Mersey Bar.

The captain stated that he was fired on and that the torpedo missed his vessel by twenty yards.

NO BREAKDOWN IN MORAL OF GERMAN TROOPS.

Strong War Spirit of Army Which Lives in Atmosphere of Illusion.

The moral of the German Army is discussed in a striking statement by "Eye-Witness" in his latest account from the front.

While there is probably a basis of truth, he points out, in the statements of individual German prisoners who have told of the extreme depression prevailing in the enemy's ranks and of men who but for fear of their officers would surrender, it is misleading as a picture of the general condition of the enemy's moral.

"The plain truth is," he says, "that no signs of weakening are yet visible in the moral of the German troops taken as a whole."

"Nor if we put ourselves in their place can we fail to see that there is as yet no reason why an intensely brave, determined, and well-organised army like that of the Germans should feel discouraged."

"The Kaiser can choose at will a Russian, a Belgian or a French town in which to make a triumphant appearance in the presence of his troops. They are fighting in an enemy's country ruined and devastated by the passage of their armies."

"The falsehoods told them by their superiors, the lies and calumnies in the Press, have all produced an atmosphere of complete illusion."

"Their enemy appears to them to be exhausted and engaged in a last despairing effort to delay the inevitable decision."

GRIP OF DISCIPLINE.

In any estimate of the present value of our enemies as fighting men we must not lose sight of the national sense of discipline which forms part of the earliest education of every German.

"It enables them to gain results with raw troops which, among us, could only be gained after months of continuous training, and to maintain an extremely high level of efficiency."

In regard to the fighting, "Eye-Witness" says:

"Since February 21 we had been engaged in our turn in counter-mining, and on the evening of the 4th our mine was exploded; killing practically every man in the trench."

"An assaulting party then stormed the position with the bayonet, while others followed with bombs."

FORCING THE NARROWS.

PARIS, March 11.—A telegram from Tenedos states that the Turkish artillery posted on Mount Prophet Elijah becomes weaker every day.

Two big cruisers, for the first time, passed the night within the Dardanelles, protecting and illuminating the operations of the ships engaged in mine-sweeping.

The last bombardment badly damaged Chanak Kale.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, March 11.—A telegram from Athens to the Mares states that the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts was renewed with violence yesterday, chiefly by the French Fleet.

Fog made it impossible to ascertain the results of the bombardment of the Mount of the Prophet Elijah, but the Turkish artillery made only a feeble reply.

The fleet completed the destruction of the Turkish works, and by cross-fire heavily damaged Chanak Kale.

New Turkish batteries posted on the heights of Renkeui caused only insignificant losses.—Central News.

"AND NOW THERE ARE 4."

By the disappearance of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich from the scene of active operations the German raiding ships outside the North Sea are reduced to four.

These four ships are:—

CRUISERS—Dresden, Karlsruhe and Strassburg.

ARMED LINER—Kronprinz Wilhelm.

Nothing has been heard of any of these vessels for some time.

BRILLIANT ADVANCE BY INDIAN TROOPS.

British Progress Three-Quarters of a Mile Along Front of 4,000 Yards.

TWO BRITISH AIR RAIDS.

The 4th and the Indian corps advanced yesterday on a front of 4,000 yards for roughly three-quarters of a mile and captured all intervening hostile position and trenches.

The corps on their right and left were also engaged. More than 700 prisoners were taken.

The British aircraft were active, and succeeded in destroying the railway junctions at Courtrai and Menin.

The above announcement was made last night by the War Office. It followed on a French communiqué which stated that the British attack resulted in the capture of over 27,000 yards of trenches before Neuve Chapelle (in the region of La Bassée).

German Main Headquarters have been obliged to admit the brilliant victory gained by the British Army. The British, they say, penetrated into the village of Neuve Chapelle. They add, "Fighting is still proceeding."

Last night's French communiqué states that a British air squadron has successfully bombarded Westende.

REPULSED BY BRITISH.

PARIS, March 11.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—A thick fog has greatly interfered with the operations at different points of the front.

In Belgium a British air squadron successfully bombarded Westende.

In the sector of Ypres we repulsed two attacks near Zandvoorde. In the region of Neuve Chapelle the British Army repulsed two counter-attacks. The enemy's losses were considerable.

PROGRESS IN CHAMPAGNE.

In Champagne yesterday evening we made appreciable progress in the wood west of Perthes, where we had gained a footing five days ago. The enemy defended himself stubbornly. In spite of a very violent bombardment and several counter-attacks we maintained our gains.

In the Argonne, in the region of the Four de Paris and Bolde, in the course of the fighting previously reported, we captured a mine-thrower and a gun.—Reuter.

2,500 YARDS OF TRENCHES TAKEN.

PARIS, March 11.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

The British attack yesterday resulted in the capture of over 2,500 yards of trenches before Neuve Chapelle and the village itself.

The attack then progressed in the direction of Aubers as far as the Moulin du Pretre and in the direction to the south-east as far as the northern fringe of the Bois de Biez.—Central News.

FOE ADMIT DEFEAT.

AMSTERDAM, March 11.—A telegram from Berlin states that the following official communiqué from the German Main Headquarters was issued this afternoon:—

In the western theatre of war British airmen dropped bombs on Menin.

Yesterday the British attacked our position near Neuve Chapelle, at some places penetrating into the village. Fighting continues.

A British attack near Ginchy was repulsed.

10,000 GERMAN CORPSES.

An official statement regarding the recent operations in Champagne, issued last night, says (according to Reuter) that 10,000 German corpses have been found on the battlefield and that nearly 2,000 German prisoners belonging to five different army corps have been taken.

RUSSIA'S FIERCE FIGHTS.

PETROGRAD, March 11.—A dispatch from Army Headquarters this evening says:—

Between the Niemen and the Vistula battles of extreme obstinacy were fought yesterday in the region of Simno, in the valleys of the rivers Omuleft and Orizta, and in the direction of Prasnysz.

On the left bank of the Vistula there is no change.

In the Carpathians all the enemy attacks have been repulsed, and near Gorlice our counter-attack annihilated Austrian units which had attempted, after the failure of an Austrian night attack, to entrench themselves on our front.

In Eastern Galicia, south of Nijnieff, we drove back the Germans.—Reuter.

HALF ARMY WIPED OUT.

More than one half of the Hungarian Army, says the Exchange, is reported to have been annihilated during the recent retreat in Western Galicia. Several regiments lost 75 per cent. of their effectives.



British gun "somewhere in France." Note how the firing causes the wheels to sink into the ground.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

IN MEMORIAM.

P. 6982



The memorial to Captain Scott and his brave companions. It is being executed by Mr. S. Nicholson Babb for St. Paul's Cathedral.

GERMANS' SNOW UNIFORMS.

P. 11910 N



German prisoners captured near Rheims passing Chalons-sur-Marne. They are wearing white uniforms, the idea being to make them difficult to distinguish in the snow.

ENGAGED TO ARMY OFFICERS.

P. 17091

P. 17091



Catrina, daughter of the late Mr. Learheven, of Amsterdam, to marry Lieutenant Philips.



Miss Mildred Cutler, who is to marry Lieutenant Reginald Ramsay Wingate. (Swaine.)

BRAVE TERRIER.

P. 5617



The bull-terrier, who is the mascot of the Australians in Egypt, wearing the silver-studded collar awarded him for bravery.



Mr. Arnold Bennett

The Famous Novelist,
will write on

"The War and the Future of Women."



Mr. Horatio Bottomley

Editor of "John Bull,"
will write on

"The War Up to Date."



Mr. Austin Harrison

Editor of the "English Review,"
will write on

"The Truth About German Patriotism."

IN
THE

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

THE NEW SUNDAY PICTURE NEWSPAPER
Out on Sunday. 24 Full Pages, 1d.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1915.

MARCH AS USUAL.

[THE DAY after the German Finance Minister's statement had been put before the Reichstag, we happened to meet our friend, Sir Mark L. Tapley, of the City, a great authority on banking; and it was natural that we should look to him, as usual, for enlightenment on a matter to the inexperienced mind so incomprehensible as the financing of this war.

He willingly explained, in words meant to be of one syllable, how the Germans could not possibly hold out beyond the next *échec*, as he called it, in the early summer. Financially theirs was a piteous case. He tried to make it sound as simple as a book on finance by Walter Bagehot or Mr. Hartley Withers. And, in response, we caught gleams here and there, and were in a measure cheered by the intelligence.

Be careful of Sir Mark, however. At the beginning of the war his anticipations were wrong—nobody foresaw what would really happen; he no more than anybody else. He does not *know* absolutely. We cannot rely upon him, or upon a sudden collapse from within of the most systematic country in the world. What we have to do is to plod on, pouring our whole strength into it, holding back nothing "in case it shouldn't be needed." Every atom of strength, as though all would be needed! Nevertheless, Sir Mark's exposition, being of a cheerful nature, can be accepted as something agreeably academic, so long as it is not acted upon—that is, so long as we do not act as if it were proved and certain.

The same remarks apply to the jovial foresight of Colonel Mark Tapley, C.B., of the same family, a homonym, whom we met a little later on. He is a delightful writer and he always cheers us up. We owe much to him, since last August. Nevertheless all shall go on as if all were not for the best in the best of impossible worlds: we raise our armies; we call in our recruits in no limited number; we want them all; we must have all of them. We plan as for a hundred years, in order that we may not have to fight for a hundred years. We salute Colonel Tapley as a gallant, and what is more a military-trained, fellow. But in war "nobody knows." The men we all now honour march as for a long way. "Perhaps I shan't be needed" is the word of none of them. It is in the other word of the Chancellor of the Exchequer "a terrible hour," an hour for no ungrinding of the loins, but for the strongest tension of endeavour. No "crumpling up" of our enemy, in any political, moral, military, or financial sense can be expected.

And if . . . If, in the early summer, we do find Ascot—or say Goodwood—not so vastly irrelevant as now we seem to find it, we shall hear with delight then the reproaches of Sir Mark and Colonel Tapley. They will say, laughing at our "pessimism": "There you are, you see: didn't we tell you? What were you grouching about in March?"

To which we shall not answer any opposition, but shall give Sir Mark and the Colonel all the credit, and shall say that they knew better than we, and bless their honoured heads, and ask them to forgive us for having seemed, under the influence of varying winds, to set too little store by their March predictions that all was to be over by the autumn. W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 11.—There are many beautiful flowers to be found in the garden to-day. *Daphne mezereum* is a shrub growing about 3ft. high; during March its leafless branches are smothered with sweet-smelling red flowers. The brilliant scarlet anemones (*fulgens*) are in bloom to-day, and, growing in a broad mass, make quite a brilliant patch of colour. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The true way of softening one's troubles is to *solace those of others.*—*Mme. de Maintenon.*

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

Passing and Surpassing Shows.

INTEREST was almost equally divided the other night at the Palace Theatre between the new raptures of "The Passing Show of 1915" on the stage and the surpassing show of well-known people in the auditorium. Debrett's Peerage and "Who's Who" seemed to have rolled into the stalls and boxes bodily.

Lady Anglesey.

IN one of the boxes was Lady Anglesey, whose pale piquant prettiness is always so noticeable. She was in black velvet, the bodice being caught high on the shoulders, leaving the arms quite bare. She wore her pretty dark hair bound by a fillet of some glittering jewels, and just

ing effect over the ivory tints of her shoulders and the pale pink of her frock.

In Contrast.

LADY HELMSLEY was in white satin and tulle and was wearing some lovely pearls. Mrs. Atherton was another conspicuously attractive figure to be noticed. Lady St. Helier was in almost quaint contrast to these butterfly ladies, with her severe black gown and her precisely-arranged grey hair.

"Sewing Shirts for—Battersea."

I LOOKED in the other afternoon at a sewing party that was being held in a charming flat in Victoria-street. I found about fourteen

SOME TRADES IN WHICH WOMEN MAY REPLACE MEN

HOW PLEASANT TO BE FITTED BY A WOMAN HATTER, EVEN IF SHE PUTS THE HAT ON ACCORDING TO HER NOTIONS



WHAT AN ORNAMENT A WOMAN MIGHT BE OUTSIDE A RESTAURANT OR THEATRE



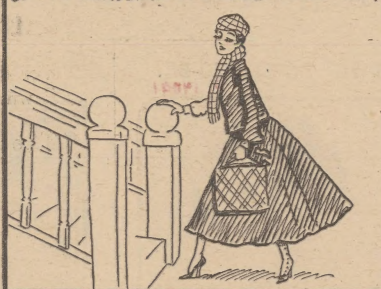
AS A TAXI DRIVER



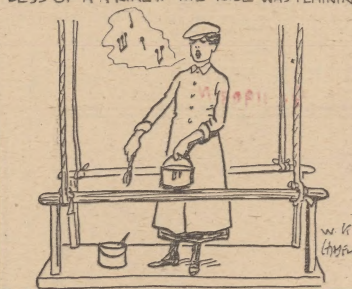
WHAT A NICE, DELICATE KNOCK SHE WOULD GIVE AS A POSTMAN



INSTEAD OF THE NOTORIOUSLY HEAVY BOOTS OF THE RUMBER, WHAT A DELIGHTFUL CHANGE!



AND THE HOUSEPAINTER'S SONG MIGHT BE LESS OF A TRIAL IF THE VOICE WAS FEMININE



It is said that women gardeners are in great demand, since so many able-bodied men have joined the new Army. Perhaps, after all, life might be all the brighter for those left at home if women were to replace men in other occupations also?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

over her right shoulder could be seen the pale and attractive countenance of Lord Ribblesdale, who affects a enclosed, high-cut evening waistcoat, that makes one wish he would wear a frilled shirt and a high stock to carry out the effect of early-Victorian "nuttiness."

Earrings.

LADY CROMARTY was in the box with Lady Anglesey, and her hair was bound with a narrow blue ribbon and she wore big pearls in her ears and a good many diamonds.

Lady Diana Manners.

LADY DIANA MANNERS was, of course, to be seen. She was with a party, among whom Lady Warwick's pretty daughter, Lady Helmsley, was included. Lady Diana was looking, as usual, a lovely vision of pink and white prettiness; her golden head was bound by a very broad band of pale mauve rose ribbon.

A Pretty Dress.

HER dress was of faintest rose, veiled with filmy white; over her shoulders she wore a cape of fine net entirely covered with an opalescent embroidery that had a curious shimmer-

ladies, not like Sister Susie, "sewing shirts for soldiers," but all actively employed in making and cutting out nightgowns, pinafores, knickerbockers, frocks and various other comfortable garments for the women and children of Battersea.

In Charge of the Party.

MRS. KEYSER, who is the wife of General Keyser (a near relative, by the way, of "Sister Agnes," whose hospital for officers in Grosvenor-place is so famous), has charge of the wives and children of this "Battersea Battalion," and it is owing to her initiative and the assistance of Mrs. Humphrey that this weekly sewing party has been arranged.

A Concert Coming.

THESE ladies not only work themselves, but pay the women who are on their list of soldiers' wives and widows for making various garments that are badly needed by hundreds of little children and others of a larger growth. I am told that Mrs. Humphrey is arranging a concert in aid of their Fund early in April, and that a brilliant array of artists has consented to appear.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

MOTHER OR WIFE?

A Problem of Divided Allegiance for the Soldier Going to the Front.

THE SOLDIER'S DUTY.

IT IS HIS mother to whom a man owes the first duty, in my opinion.

I had intended to marry last autumn, but now that I am in training and shortly to go to the front I think it is my duty to remember my mother first and to leave her what little fortune I possess without contracting new obligations. I may not be able to fulfil my duty to her.

We all feel differently about a matter like this. To my mind, however, the manner in which some men neglect their mothers after marriage is a shame to them. IN TRAINING. Bedford.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

"UNMARRIED" does not seem to realise that filial love is not the same as hymeneal devotion. It is interesting to note the dictum of Christ, the Fountain of all true love and true manhood, on this matter: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

Although "Unmarried" does not agree with this I cannot imagine it possible for any child old enough for wedlock to be so much at one with the parents that the relationship is the ideal of unity as set forth in St. Matthew's Gospel. ENGAGED.

TWO SORTS OF LOVE.

YOUR correspondent "Unmarried" says he cannot understand what any man can see in a girl to prefer her to his mother. "Unmarried" evidently does not know what it is to have the love of a good girl. I have a widowed mother, but I also have a girl, to whom I hope to be married in the near future. My love for her does not, however, in any way diminish the filial affection I bear for my mother, who I hope will some day share my home. May I suggest that "Unmarried" gives the subject a little different thought than he apparently has done—or let him wait until he meets the right girl before giving his opinion on a subject of which, it would appear, he has had little or no experience. CORPORAL, A.S.C.

"BEFORE I DIE."

AS a mother, I should want to see my sons and daughters happily and suitably married, and to be able to give them advice and help before I should be called to my rest, and to die with the full consciousness that they are perfectly happy and well placed in the world.

"Unmarried" certainly knows very little about love, otherwise he would know that the love you have for your parents is an altogether different love from that given to your mate—the man or woman whom God has intended for you. LADY MARY.

"BASE DESERTION"

"Unmarried" deserves admiration for the love he has for his parents. He speaks of the "base desertion" of parents by their children, whereas most parents are never so pleased as when they see their children happily married. G. M. C.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year:
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bespattered with dew:
I straight will whisper in your ear
The sweets of love are washed with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too:
Ask me why the stalk will work
And bending, yet it doth not break:
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover. —CARSW.

BACK TO THE FIFTIES: HOW BEAUTY WILL BE ADORNED THIS SPRING



Photograph taken at a private view of Poirer models, showing the gowns of the moment. M. Poirer himself is now a private in the French Army.



Looking just like her "grandmamma." A creation of 1915, showing how the fashions have harked back to the Victorian era.

OPERATOR NOT NEEDED.

Q. 11908 N



This is indeed a scientific war. The picture shows French soldiers sending up a kite with a camera attached. By an automatic process it photographs the enemy's position.

TWO BRIDES-TO-BE.

P. 14091



Winifred Margaret, daughter of Vice-Admiral Casper Baker, to marry Mr. Strickland. (Bassano.)

P. 14091



Lilian, daughter of Sir Courtenay Warner, who is to marry Mr. David Chapman.—(Val L'Estrange.)

DRAUGHTS ON BOARD SHIP.

Q. 124 L



Officers on board an armed liner bring the draught board on deck. The sailor in war greatly needs relaxation; for the strain of the life is very great.

IN THEIR COSY CORNER.

9.331 E



Dry and comfortable under a roof of waterproof antiseptic paper. Protected by this new invention, "Tommy" can enjoy a game of "nap" and a cigarette during his idle moments.

9.331 E



Waders and waistcoats are also made with this new waterproof paper, and these garments come in very useful when the men are engaged in trench digging in damp, sodden country.

PREPARING "TOMMY'S" DINNER.

9.331 E



ooking meals for the London Scottish in clay ovens. The Army cook is a most skilful person, and often works under difficulties that would turn an ordinary chef's hair grey.

PLOUGHING A WAY THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

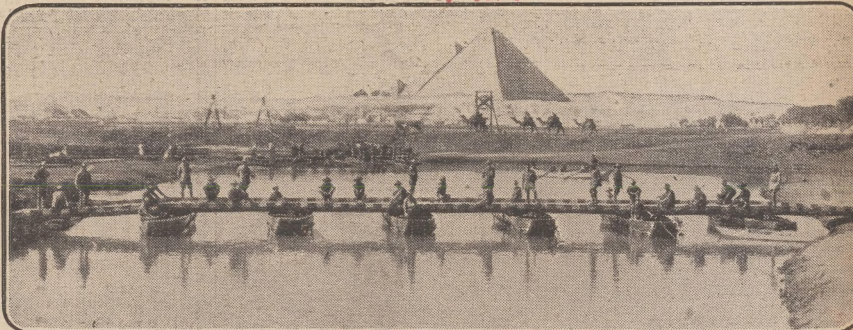
9.366



This remarkable photograph was taken by a French aerial observer when several thousand feet above the ground. He was over the German lines at the time, but all that he could see was an apparently unending sea of clouds. At such a great height the atmosphere is bitterly cold, and sometimes the petrol gets frozen.

THE PYRAMIDS SEE MORE HISTORY BEING MADE.

9.561 J



Australian engineers building a bridge under the shadow of the Pyramids. The fine work of the Commonwealth soldiers has been the subject of high praise from many quarters.

9.561 J



Another bridge which the Australians are building. In this case it is a suspension bridge, and spans the irrigation canal near the camp. It is the work of the 3rd Field Company Engineers.

DRAMATIC SCENE IN A FLAT.

Witnesses Tell of Finding Diamond Merchant Bound and Gagged.

"AN AWFUL SCREAM."

How they had found a diamond merchant bound and gagged in the drawing-room of a flat was described by two witnesses at Bow-street Police Court yesterday.

Charles Williams, sixty-four, a bookkeeper, and Annie Ferguson, thirty-seven, were charged on remand with inflicting grievous bodily harm on Mr. Wadyslaw Gutowski, a diamond merchant, of Percy-street, Tottenham Court-road, by striking him on the head with a sand-bag at a furnished flat at Savoy Mansions on February 19.

They were further charged with robbing him, with violence, of jewellery worth £1,500. Prosecutor, it is alleged, was struck by a sand-bag from behind and rendered senseless and bound and gagged after having been induced to take the jewellery to the flat.

The prisoners were arrested at apartments in Upper St. Martin's-lane.

Evidence was given by Mrs. Rose, the manageress of Savoy Mansions, to the effect that on Tuesday, February 16, a man and a woman giving the name of Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds called on her and rented the flat.

Witness described her discovery on February 19 of the prosecutor lying on the floor of the

MR. BIRRELL BEREAVED.

P. 495 B



Mrs. Augustine Birrell, wife of the Irish Secretary, who has died after a long illness. We regret that, owing to an error a wrong photograph was published in part of our issue yesterday.—(Lafayette.)

drawing-room, with his hands and feet tied and with a towel tied over his head.

She was positive that the prisoners were the man and the woman who had called about the flat.

The hall porter at the Savoy-mansions also identified both prisoners as persons whom he had seen at the flat.

Evidence of identification was also given by a chambermaid at Savoy-mansions, who said that she saw Mr. Gutowski go into the flat with a brown bag in the afternoon. About twenty minutes later prisoners came out, and went down the front stairs.

"A little later," said witness, "I heard an awful scream." She sent for Mrs. Rose, and with the hall porter they found Mr. Gutowski on the floor in the condition described.

The case was adjourned.

£50 DAMAGES FOR JILTED GIRL.

Love letters which, as counsel said, had a meteorological touch about them were read in a breach of promise action before Mr. Justice Scrutton yesterday, when the jury awarded Miss Violet Plumley, twenty-four, assistant to a Court dressmaker, £50 damages against Mr. Alfred Plumley, a post office sorter. Judgment was accordingly entered, with costs.

An extract read from one of Mr. Plumley's letters was as follows:—

"As I am writing this the dark clouds are rolling away, and the sun is shining. So it seems to me that the clouds of the past few days have rolled away, through the sunshine and happiness which ought to be ours."

Later in the day Mr. Plumley, who had not been present at the hearing of the case, made his appearance and said he wished to have the case retried, as he had no intimation that it was down for hearing.

"What is the result of the case," he asked. The Judge informed him, and told him that he could make his application formally next Tuesday, having given notice to the other side.

NO ENGLISH ON CHILDREN'S CAPS.

PARIS, March 11.—A telegram from Geneva to the *Matin* says the Prefect of Police at Strasbourg has published a notice pointing out that children had been seen wearing sailors' caps bearing French and English inscriptions.

This functionary sees in this a lack of patriotism, and warns the public that any repetition of the offence will be severely punished. —Exchange.

CHEERED BY FOUR MILES OF CROWDS.

Australian Troops' Triumph March Through Melbourne.

OFF TO EGYPT.

Some idea of the patriotism of Australians and their desire to help the "old country" at all costs may be obtained from a letter, written by Signaller Ellis Silas, of the Australian Expeditionary Force, which has just reached England.

Signaller Silas, who is now in Egypt, gives a vivid picture in his letter of the triumphal march of the troops through Melbourne before they left for Egypt. He writes as follows:—

"Such a day of emotions! How can I describe it all! It has been quite the most unique experience of my life. At present my mind is chaos. We have just returned from our twenty-five-mile march and parade, or, rather, triumphal progress through Melbourne. It will be a day never to be forgotten; the excitement of it was intense.

"Every house, shop, street, or wherever a view could be obtained, was one black mass of people, and every side street as far as the eye could reach was an eager, seething multitude. You cannot imagine what it is like to gaze on these enormous crowds of humanity, and to march three and four miles through a dense, cheering, waving crowd.

MANY MOIST EYES.

"In the distance we could hear a faint murmur like the sighing of the winds through the trees; louder and even louder it grew, until it broke into a roar! These hundreds of thousands of Britishers were giving us 'God speed' on our way to face the foe.

"Bang! bang! goes the drum—then such cheering—Here they come! God bless you boys! Come back, dears! Give the Kaiser one! 'Don't get killed!' 'You'll make 'em run!'

"Now the band strikes up, the excitement grows to fever pitch, as with a steady swing we march up to the saluting base.

We are there now. With even rhythm we keep time to the drums, to appear as 'fresh as paint,' though we have already done fifteen miles' hard tramping.

"Having saluted the viceregal party, as we pass the base on our way back to camp, the band strikes up 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'

"Many among the crowd have their handkerchiefs to their eyes; they have cheered, they have waved—but they have not forgotten why we are there, and that we are leaving Australia, many of us, for all time.

WHEN THE TEST COMES.

"We are now far upon the outskirts of the suburbs, but all the way it has been the same enthusiasm, the same raining of flowers. By this time we must somewhat resemble a field of flowers swayed by the wind. Anon, we are tramping along the dusty road, which is almost choking us. The cheering has become but an echo in the mind. Was it all real? one asks.

"Yes, for we are just a wee bit tired. The sun is setting, as at last we march into camp, but our paramount feeling is not fatigue, but a keen desire that when the test comes we shall not be found wanting."

Signaller Silas, who is attached to the 2nd Australian Imperial Force, wrote the above letter to his mother, who lives in Kensington.

£5,000 FOR SNAPSHOTS.

"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Amateur Photographs of War Incidents.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 for more war snapshots.

This additional sum will be paid out, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the *Mirror* between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the handsomest ever held out to amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed. This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision is final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.

WIFE'S GRIEF FOR ABSENT HUSBAND

That she fretted a great deal over the absence of her husband, who joined the Navy last December, was a statement made at a Holborn inquest yesterday concerning the sudden death of Catherine Bramwell, aged twenty-five, wife of a diver on board the *Agincourt*. Deceased, it was stated, ate very little, but drank to excess.

Medical evidence showed that the liver was double the normal size. Death was due to acute gastritis while the deceased was suffering from pneumonia, and was accelerated by alcoholism.

A verdict in accordance with this evidence was returned.

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847 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour. By RUBY M. AYRES.

"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is doing and because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realize more definitely that a shadow something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—nurt him admirably.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot see. He recognises the voices of Old Jardine and Montague-Montague, who is to be his best man. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" Old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow like he is." "Dick's a slacker, and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to touch his rifle in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. He doesn't care two straws about her. It's only the money he's after." "After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question that comes into his mind is the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague's words. "He's not the kind of him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait."

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver.

"Do his astonishment, he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "what's the matter? I can't see you. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklyn's dance to-night. I'll come away with you and I won't care two straws about her."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that this is Richard who had received her message. But when she comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her acquaintance with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. He has decided, Richard says, to go to the front. The old man explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

When walking one day Montague suddenly sees Chatterton in Khaki. When he sees Sonia enter he not only keeps it to himself, but lies and says that Richard has gone to America. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

A LAST INTERVIEW.

LADY MERRIAM wrote to old Jardine; she wrote with many agonising underlines and she took six pages to enlarge upon the appalling fact that Sonia was engaged to Francis Montague.

"I didn't quite believe her when she first told me, but now I suppose I must, as the man has corroborated it himself. He has been here this afternoon, all smiles and superiority. I always hated men with black moustaches and white teeth."

"He talks about an immediate marriage, whatever that means; but I've put my foot down, and told Sonia that if she wishes to be married from my house and with my consent, she must wait at least three months. She said she didn't intend to have any fuss, and that a registrar's office was quite good enough for her. As if anyone really wanted to be married at a registrar's!"

"I don't know what has come over the girl. She used to be so different. It's only a few weeks ago that she told me she should never feel properly married without half a dozen bridesmaids and six witnesses, and that she must wait at least three months. She said she didn't intend to have any fuss, and that a registrar's office was quite good enough for her. As if anyone really wanted to be married at a registrar's!"

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"I've tried to see him, but the flat is empty, and the caretaker either doesn't know where he's gone or won't tell me. Sonia says that Richard is speaking again."

"And now there is something I want to ask you on my own account."

Montague tells her that he's gone to America. Is it true? What a fool the man has been! I never thought him good enough for Sonia, but when one compares him with Montague—well! We are going down to Buryale on Saturday, and Sonia says she has asked you to come. I only hope you will; the situation is beyond me altogether."

Old Jardine was not a swearing man, but he gave vent to a very unparliamentary word when he reached the end of her ladyship's letter. So Sonia had engaged herself to Montague! That fact seemed to write F.H.I.s once and for all across edgeways and plans.

A hasty marriage at a registrar's would finally put Chatterton out of the running, and probably spell lifelong regret for at least one of the contracting parties.

Old Jardine went lunchless in an agitated hunt round London to discover Chatterton. Nobody seemed to know anything about him; one or two men who had been friends of his shrugged their shoulders nonchalantly and said: "Oh, Chatterton! . . . in a sort of expressive voice that seemed to suggest that he had gone down altogether. Old Jardine fumed inwardly."

It was in the afternoon that he went out against the grain with him; he would have liked to climb on to one of the leathern armchairs in the club and announce the fact at the top of his King and country. He wished, at the bottom of his heart that he had never consented to hold his tongue on the subject; more than once during the day the truth nearly escaped him.

It was late afternoon when, returning dejectedly homewards, he ran into Carter in Regent-street; Carter, very smart and a little self-conscious in khaki as old Jardine caught his arm excitedly.

"Just the man I want. Where's your master? It's most important that I should see him to-night," he added testily as the man hesitated.

"I've no doubt he's out to-night, but I don't know, he is if you think you're giving away a State secret by telling me. Just ask him to come round and see me to-night—he can manage it if he likes. Tell him, I'm very important. Tell him I've—s—s to do with Miss Markham. No, I'm not going to argue with you, so don't stand there with your mouth open. I'm in a hurry."

And he was gone before Carter could get one word in edgeways.

"He'll come," old Jardine told himself with a chuckle. "He'll come right enough." And so he did. Old Jardine was in the middle of a bachelor dinner when he heard Chatterton's voice on the stairs, and the next moment he was in the room.

"Carter said you wanted to see me—about. . . There's nothing the matter, is there? She's ill."

Old Jardine finished his claret before he answered.

"No, she's not ill—unless you'd call it an illness to be engaged to Montague."

There was a short silence, then: "I don't believe it," said Chatterton, shortly.

Old Jardine pushed back his chair and rose.

"Very well, it's a fact, whether you like to believe it or not," said old Jardine, rather sharply—here's the letter."

He threw it across the table.

Chatterton picked it up and read it through with a gasp.

He looked very big and manly as he stood there, the light from the shaded globe over the table falling on his face and broad shoulders; he was a little pale as he handed the letter back.

"Chatterton shrugged his shoulders with rather overdone indifference."

"It only proves what I said all along," he answered calmly. "That she never cared a hang about me." He paused a moment, as if to look back across the short months of his engagement, then: "Is this all you wanted to see me about?" he asked.

"Well," said old Jardine, rather sharply, "Isn't it enough? Confound the fellow—what did you expect, and what are you going to do about it?"

Chatterton half-smiled.

"What can I do? Nothing, of course. She's made her choice. . . I hope she'll be happy." He spoke disinterestedly. "Montague's fond of her—he isn't half a bad fellow. . ."

Old Jardine brought his fist down on the table with a bang that rang through the room.

"And you mean to tell me that you're going to stand by and see her married to Montague; a girl in a thousand, like that!"

Chatterton swung round with a passionate gesture.

"How can I prevent it? It's no longer my concern. She threw me over, and I deserved it. I won't have her good enough for her; if she prefers Montague."

"I'll never believe it."

Chatterton hunched his shoulders; there was a line of pain about his mouth; old Jardine was a howl of grief as he guessed how this calm vivisection of his feelings and thoughts hurt and stung.

A vivid imagination spared Richard Chatterton the worst of all that; a hundred little scenes and memories came crowding back to him—Sonia down at Buryale; Sonia in Lady Merriam's drawing-room; Sonia walking in the park; Sonia at the theatre; and always with that other man beside her, in his place.

And it was his own fault—all his own fault; somehow that knowledge made everything so much harder.

He was hardly listening. "What is it?"

Old Jardine pushed plates and glasses aside, cleared a space on the table before him; he swung round in his seat, looking up at old Jardine with rather fierce eyes.

"I want you to let me off a promise I made to you a night or two ago."

"A promise?"

"When you was in your rooms—the night you were clearing out. Will you let me off, my boy?"

Chatterton flushed. His eyes were a little hazy and dry.

"You mean . . . about this?" He touched the sleeve of his rough coat.

"Yes . . . If Sonia knew. . ."

"I don't think I want to sneak back under cover of a uniform?" he asked. "Good Heavens! What do you take me for?"

"I'm trying to help you both, and if—"

"I'm calling in his fire. The thing's ended and done with. I know you mean kindly, but, for Heaven's sake, leave it alone, and let's talk of something else. I've cut my own throat and I'm not going to whine about it. If you think it doesn't hurt. . ."

He stopped abruptly.

THE NEW LIFE.

AFTER a moment Chatterton laughed without much mirth.

"Queer how things run out, isn't it? . . . If anyone had told me all this six weeks ago, I should have touched his long arms and smothered a sigh."

Old Jardine was watching him curiously.

"I met Sonia in the Park two days ago. She had heard that you were leaving London. She said she knew where you were going."

No answer.

"If I had told her—well, Montague would have been sent to the rightabout. Women are curious little beasts, my boy."

A little silence; then: "You won't let me off my promise?" asked old Jardine again.

Chatterton had been standing staring down at the fire; he half-turned.

"Yes? . . ."

Old Jardine shook his head.

"You'd think I was more of a skunk and a sneak than ever before, wouldn't you?" Chatterton queried. "And so I should be. Oh, for Heaven's sake, let's drop the subject and give me a cigar!"

He selected one from the box old Jardine silently pushed across the table and lit it with careful precision.

"Suppose we shan't get many of these out there," he said with a wry smile. He threw the match into the fire. "Do you know, Jardine, that I believe I'm looking forward to having a cut at those beggars, after all!"

Old Jardine grunted. He had always liked Richard, but he had never liked him so well as now when he recognised the new manliness about him that had enabled him to deliberately turn from the subject nearest and dearest to his heart.

He hoisted himself into his greatcoat.

Jardine was so sure that if Sonia knew . . . But, after all, the boy was right; it was impossible to Chatterton. Could only hope that a kind chance would bring the thing to her knowledge.

Her name was not mentioned again until Chatterton left; he had only got a couple of hours' leave, but old Jardine laughingly said: "We've got a holy terror of a sergeant," he explained seriously. "I'm well in with him at the moment, but you never know."

"Can't think why you didn't wait for a commission," old Jardine grumbled. "You'll find it deuced hard work, you know; I know it sounds all very well in theory, but when you come down to facts."

Richard only laughed; he went off cheerfully enough, but old Jardine shook his head rather sadly as he stood listening to the quick, firm step of his boy going through the night.

He was glad that the boy was going, he told himself, and yet—if he never came back, old Jardine knew that he would feel himself to blame.

With Montague, arrangements for Chatterton's wedding might have been going ahead still; but for that conversation . . . old Jardine cursed himself for an interfering old man, and he went back to his interrupted dinner, unconscious that that conversation in the club had been the turning point in Richard Chatterton's career.

He was in a way felt more unhappy still, could he have seen the change that came over Chatterton's face as he walked away through the dark streets; the cheery smile faded, and his sternly squared shoulders fell again into the old stoop.

Perhaps he had never really believed that Sonia had done with him; perhaps all along there had been a very real hope in his heart that some day he might prove worthy of her forgiveness. Abruptly shorn of that hope, life seemed all at once a very dreary, uninviting affair.

He left him with a friendless, unwanted sensation; with the feeling that it would not matter to anybody if he never came back.

Old Jardine would be sorry, perhaps, and

Carter . . . but compared with Sonia's love, what was friendship?

Two months ago—even a month ago—she would have been so proud of him; but now she had wiped him out of her life.

A newboy thought of him, thrusting out a paper, crying, "My new hero, the disaster in the North Sea. Loss of three cruisers."

Chatterton forgot his troubles in a flash; he snatched at the paper, thrusting some coppers into the boy's grimy hand.

It couldn't be true!—of course, it couldn't! That was the first thought that flashed through his mind.

Three cruisers! . . . he stopped under a street lamp, and tried to read the column by its wretched light.

"Three cruisers sunk; terrible loss of life. . ."

It was true enough; the news was official and no mere reported newspaper scare.

A wave of rage swept through him; he crushed the paper in his hand and walked on unseeing.

Where had his manhood been all these weeks that he had not rushed to do his bit in the fight against murder and militarism? In the face of such a disaster he felt himself the veriest of the pigny of a man, a coward of giant proportions.

No wonder Sonia had despised him; no wonder old Jardine had condemned him.

After all, there was still something glorious in life, even though it were only the glory of a son of that glorious in the knowledge that he was at last one of the hundreds of thousands of men rushing out to swell that thin brown line of khaki which was all that would ultimately stand between Germany and the freedom of the Channel.

With a new pride and confidence in himself, Richard Chatterton squared his shoulders and lifted his head.

They had called him a laggard—they had laughed at him—well, he would show them. . . Sonia had despised him—well, he would show them with—not worth loving. The new pride brought with it a new sting—gave a fresh spur to his determination.

He would almost have laughed now could he have known that the removal of the old life, the heart; the fighting instinct had struggled upmost at last through the enveloping slowness and inertia born of long years of indolence, and as good as a loyal soldier as ever drew sword in defence of King and country.

He walked proudly through London's dimly-lit streets in the person of Richard Chatterton. . . and at that very moment Francis Montague, flushed and angry, was looking at the new betrothal ring on Sonia's trembling hand.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

JUMBLE SALE FLEET.

How the Turks Pillaged and Sold Interior Fittings of Their Armada.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 11.—"With the exception of the Hamidie—the only one of its kind—the Crescent floats about a mixed lot of secondhand cruisers and 'hand-me-down' destroyers, bought at all the marine fairs in Europe, by the English, French and Russians. This squadron will only be entirely Turkish when it is at the bottom of the Marmora."

Such is the description of the Ottoman Fleet by a French journalist who knew it very well.

He remembers when a brand-new submarine arrived in the Golden Horn and the Turks were so afraid of it that they damaged that they kept it under cover on land.

A curious circumstance was that no sooner were the cruisers purchased in bulk than they were sold in detail.

Seen from the outside the Turkish warships looked very bellicose. The big guns were there all right, for they could be seen. But a visit of inspection showed that the armaments were all taken the decks, hull and engine-room.

All the machinery and every part of the movable fittings had been taken away to dry-docks for sale. Even the companion ladders had disappeared.

"It was the admiral who stripped the ship," explained the guide. He had an arrangement with a German house which bought by the pound all the fittings handed over."

Abdul Hamid, in the days when he was Sultan, looked at the spoliation of his fleet, and by the someone protested about the flagrant delinquencies of Hussein Pasha, the Minister of the Marine, Abdul said:

"What can I do? Poor Hussein has 310 wives. It is very expensive, and Hussein can't maintain all his boats and his harem at the same time."

STEAMER SEIZED WITH CONTRABAND.

The Dutch steamer Minister Kat, bound from Harlingen for Hull, is reported to have been seized, says Reuter, by the Dutch authorities, there having been found in her cargo thirty boxes of clover seed, the export of which has been forbidden.

WINTER AND THE COMPLEXION.

Winter winds dry the skin and rob it of all the means of natural nourishment. There is only one way to combat the evil, that is, to use Pomeroy Skin Food. This preparation supplies the skin with the much-needed nourishment, and the quick recovery to youthful freshness and charm is really remarkable. The chemist supplies quite a large jar of Pomeroy Skin Food for eightpence. Pomeroy Skin Food, by the way, is the preparation chiefly used by the famous West End Beauty Salons of Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.—Salons patronised by leading Society ladies and others well known for their beauty.—(Adv't.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The New Sunday Paper.

Everyone was talking about the new paper yesterday, the *Sunday Pictorial*, which makes its first appearance on Sunday next. Have you ordered your Number 1? It is going to be worth having, for it will be the first number of an entirely new kind of paper, a Sunday picture paper.

Mr. Bottomley on the War.

News photographs are going to be the great feature of this new journalistic venture, but they are not to be the only feature. Articles by some great writers will appear in the *Sunday Pictorial*. Mr. Arnold Bennett is contributing, so is Mr. Austin Harrison, the brilliant editor of the "English Review," and the war is to be dealt with by Mr. Horatio Bottomley.

News Pictures on Sunday.

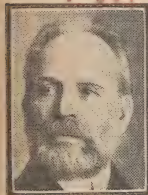
The *Sunday Pictorial* will consist of twenty-four full pages. There will be no lack of reading matter either in news or special articles. But pictures, news pictures, are to be the special feature.

Don't Be Disappointed.

Briefly, we are to have a picture paper on Sunday, something we have never had before. And we want pictures badly in these days. Number 1 on Sunday, don't forget. You had better order it now, it may save disappointment.

Alert at Eighty-Three.

I spent an hour in the House of Commons on Wednesday night and, watching members as they flitted in and out of the Chamber, I was greatly struck with the briskness of movement and apparent buoyancy of spirit of one grey-bearded man. He was Sir Thomas Roe, one of the oldest members in the House, for he will be eighty-three in July.



Sir Thomas Roe.

His "nerve" is wonderful. It was only a few months ago that he, attired in overalls, trotted up a straight 60ft. ladder in Westminster Hall, followed by a string of less confident colleagues, to inspect the huge oak beams in the roof in process of decay. And beyond this 60ft. ladder there stretched other long, straight ladders. It was an eerie expedition, and, viewed from the ground, our legislators looked more like flies than full-sized human beings on the roof.

Who Will Succeed Him?

Sir Thomas has had a long parliamentary career as member for Derby. In his day he has watched Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Harcourt, Chamberlain, Rosebery, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith and Bonar Law. He is retiring at the next election, and hopes to be succeeded by Mr. Raymond Asquith, the Prime Minister's son.

Germany's Money-Juggler.

In my student days I lived for a while in the Palmgarten quarter of Frankfurt-on-Main, the home of Germany's brand-new paper millionaires. There I heard grave men well versed in the delicate art of money-juggling speak with reverence of a young man named Hellerich, who was then becoming a power in the Deutscher Bank. About six years ago I met him at a Wagner concert in Mannheim.

Hia Vinogary Smilo.

Rather short, dark, with close-cropped moustache, blue eyes inclined to moisture, and a vinogary smile, Dr. Hellerich would hardly be regarded as a man about town. As a fact, Germany's Chancellor prides himself on being very dashing in his ways. He has travelled, and I rather fancy that even in these days of war he would decline to wear clothes cut by a German tailor.

Get On or —

Dr. Hellerich, you know, is the man who has got to find £500,000,000 to enable Germany to carry on the war. But Germany's Lloyd George has no easy task. For Germany is so full of paper that almost any new loan will involve the Fatherland eating its own tail. However, Dr. Hellerich is the man to do it, for he is an embodiment of the modern German of the get-on-or-get-out style.

"Veronique" Returns.

And still the revivals come. There is "Veronique" next, Mr. Henry Hamilton's version of Messager's comic opera, which we first saw at the Coronet twelve years ago and at the Apollo for a long run a year later.

Miss Amy Augarde.

Miss Amy Augarde heads the cast, I see, which is to appear at the Adelphi on April 3. Miss Augarde, you will remember, was one



Miss Amy Augarde.

of the successes of "The Little Michus" at Daly's ten years since. Since then we have seen a lot of her in London theatres.

Why Not "Dorothy"?

Miss Amy Augarde is an aunt of the late Miss Adrienne Augarde, and she once played Lydia in "Dorothy." Apropos of which, why doesn't someone revive "Dorothy"? Old-fashioned as it may seem, it takes a lot of beating for tuneful merriment.

A Golf Nightmare.

Golfers are not very much in evidence these days, but I met one yesterday who was suffering under some strong stress of emotion. He had just heard the terrible rumour that deep trenches had been dug all over the fine links of Deal and Sandwich.

False Alarm.

He was very much upset, and so I made inquiries on his behalf, and found that the report, which is commonly believed, is not true. But the enemy need not take heart: excellent cover is still afforded by the Sandy ParLOUR and by the Maiden.

The Vanished Course.

I wonder what that fine course at Lombardzyde must be like now. It was, until last August, perhaps the best seaside links on the Continent. It was laid out at very great expense by a Belgian whose interest in racing and in all outdoor sport is well known, and whose son is a brilliant airman.

Mr. Haselden's Cartoon in Glass.

Can you imagine a Haselden cartoon done in stained glass? One has achieved that fame, for Mr. Haselden told me yesterday that a clever artist in stained glass had sent him a most decorative panel of an angry British lion lashing its tail at six German eagles, copied from his famous "Am I an Eagle?" cartoon.

A Chance for Someone.

I should think "The Willies" would make a good subject for a stained glass window. They love putting portraits of the Kaiser into their stained glass in Germany. Some Teutonic artist might earn immortal fame with a huge window for a new German town hall which told the sad experiences of "Big and Little Willie."

London's Trout Fishing.

Other fishermen, it seems, have coveted the trout that rise in the Buckingham Palace lake. I have had a host of letters about my notes of a few days ago on this very exclusive "water."

Lord Denbigh's Luck.

Lord Denbigh, I learn, is one of the very few persons who have been privileged to fish in the lake. When he was Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward he proposed the stocking of the water from his trout hatchery at Downing Hall, in Flintshire, and subsequently he was given permission to try the lake, and he obtained some nice trout, which gave good sport.

Weighty Humour.

London is the Mecca of enormous, Falstaffian comedians just now. They are in nearly every piece. Up to the present, the record has been held by Mr. Robert Fisher, in "Excuse Me," at the Garrick. (He is the humorist who is always taken for John Bunny, of cinema fame.) But last night I met a comedian who smashes all weight records.

"Some" Weight.

His name is Nat Lewis, and he weighs nearly as many stone as he has years, for he is twenty-three and turns the scale at 22st. 6½lb. Mr. Lewis, who has also one of the most expansive smiles I have ever seen—it is something like an earthquake rent—is the chief mirth-maker in the new "Ever Been Had" revue, which begins next Monday at the New Middlesex.

The Eton Church Controversy.

Lord Braye, the donor of that Roman Catholic chapel at Eton around which so much unfortunate controversy is raging just now, comes of a family, so a correspondent reminds me, that seems long to have been connected with the building of famous churches.

Builder of Churches.

A forebear of his, Sir Reginald Braye, built the greater part of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and "Henry VII's Chapel" at Westminster, and he is buried in the Braye Chapel at Windsor. It was Sir Reginald, according to tradition, who found the Crown in a bush after the battle of Bosworth Field.

A Link with Charles II.

Lord Braye can, by the aid of two relatives, link himself with the "Merry Monarch's" time. His grandmother, Baroness Braye, died in 1662, aged ninety-three, and she, as a little girl, had known her great-grandmother, who was born in 1684, and died, aged ninety, in 1774. Lord Braye is probably the only person who can say he has talked with a relation who has spoken to another born in Charles II.'s reign.

The Racee of Sarawak.

While the Racee of Sarawak was presiding over the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds yesterday afternoon there must have been some rather less peaceful things happening in far-away Sarawak, over which her husband rules.



The Racee of Sarawak.

He may be still—head hunters, are not a people to be suppressed by kid-glove methods. Still, Rajah Brooke wields great power in his East Indian domain.

Why She Is a Vegetarian.

The Racee of Sarawak knows a good deal about her husband's strange "kingdom." For fifteen years she lived among her people, and made herself loved by them. Here at home she lives at Sunningdale, and lives the quietest, simplest of lives. Lady Brooke is a great lover of animals, so fond of them, in fact, that she is a vegetarian.

Hereditary.

The Racee must have travel and a love of wild places in her blood, for she is a sister of Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous traveller.

A "Dead" Shot.

The platoon was firing "grouping practice" on the miniature range. The platoon commander fired first and his men held their breath. "How's that?" he called confidently to the sergeant after his first shot. "Dead, sir." "Dead! What d'you mean?" Again the sergeant narrowly examined the target. "Well, sir, it's gone to kingdom come or somewhere else and left no address."

Near Each Other All the Time.

Fate must have played many a strange trick on Belgian refugees since the war began. I came across an example yesterday. During the journey to this country three girls became separated from their mother, and for three

weeks after their arrival in England were utterly ignorant of her whereabouts. A few days ago they met her in a street in Hampstead, to learn that she and they had been living for the past week within a few doors of each other.

What Can They Do?

How can wounded soldiers in hospital who are fortunately still able-handed usefully and interestingly employ themselves? A letter I had yesterday from an English nurse at a French hospital begs me to ask my readers for suggestions of useful occupations for her able-handed patients.

The Pleasure of Occupation.

Some of these "Tommies," she says, have lost a leg, while others with knee or ankle wounds have been in hospital three or four months and have done nothing useful with their hands except to fold gauze and make swabs. Card playing is their only amusement, and they tire of that. Besides, they begin to lose sight of the pleasure of occupation.

"Tommies" Who Are Boys at Heart.

"There is no reason," adds my correspondent, "why they should not make baskets or toys, if only provided with materials and shown how to use them. Killing two birds with one stone, they could earn money to buy a few comforts and make time fly happily. Even a meccano outfit or a fret-saw would help to make for happiness to these men who, after all, are only boys at heart. I shall be thankful for any suggestions." THE RAMBLER.

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver and bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmalum compound from your chemist and take 3 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders. This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it is just what you need.—(Adv.)

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"ALLIED FLEETS OF BILLINGSGATE."

Two Companies of Trawlers That Secure London's Fish Supply.

SUPPLIES IN PLENTY.

Germany's "terrible blockade," notwithstanding, fish for Lent this year is plentiful and of good quality.

"Of course, supplies at the various fishing centres are not so great as last year, so many trawlers having been requisitioned for war service by the Admiralty," *The Daily Mirror* was told at Billingsgate yesterday.

"But, then, people are eating less fish now than last year, and so the supplies are quite sufficient to meet demands."

"Prices generally are rather higher, too, but they are not by any means famine prices. Turbot and Scotch salmon are even cheaper."

"Indeed, considering all the unfavourable circumstances of war, fish prices are surprisingly low. Supplies were much smaller and prices higher during the dark days of December than now."

"At ordinary times," continued *The Daily Mirror's* informant, "four separate fleets of trawlers from Hull fish in the North Sea for the exclusive supply of the London market, and four steam carriers bring in their catches daily to Billingsgate."

TWO FLEETS AT WORK.

"But, soon after the outbreak of war, all the boats were withdrawn, and London depended for its fish mainly upon supplies received by rail from other fishing centres."

"Later the Admiralty made certain arrangements which enables two of the trawler fleets—nicknamed 'The Allied' Fleets of Billingsgate'—to continue their fishing operations jointly and to send supplies to Billingsgate every day by a steam carrier."

Nearly thirty steam trawlers landed good supplies at Grimsby yesterday, and to Hull, Aberdeen, and other fishing ports good catches were brought in.

To satisfy the needs of Londoners yesterday 600 tons of fish arrived at Billingsgate Market by rail. One steam trawler landed 32 tons direct from the North Sea, and a Norwegian steamer brought 2,250 cases of Norwegian herrings.

DROWNED LIEUTENANT.

We regret that the portrait published yesterday of Sub-Lieutenant Shepherd, who was drowned, was that of another officer of the same name who is also stationed at Eastbourne.

"KINDRED SOULS."

Wife's Satirical and Poetic Epistle to Her Lover.

"MEALS OFF HEINE."

Theatricals, music and club life led up to an attachment which brought a couple into the Divorce Court yesterday.

The petitioner was Dr. Arthur William Miller, of Hackney, who sought the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the misconduct of his wife and the co-respondent, Mr. Carl Radway. Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., for the petitioner, said the marriage took place in 1902, respondent being petitioner's second wife. There were three children.

Respondent was fond of theatricals and music, and joined a club, where she met co-respondent, no doubt thinking she had met a "kindred soul." In October last petitioner was away from home, and it now transpired that co-respondent visited the house.

In January last respondent went to stay at a boarding-house at Bakewell, Derbyshire, where co-respondent also stayed. They passed under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Colquhoun.

In February petitioner received a communication from the servant and also a letter addressed by respondent to co-respondent, which petitioner read. The letter ran:—

My Darling.—Only one more day, and you ring me up as near ten o'clock as possible. No Glass (meaning petitioner, said counsel) leaves at a quarter to ten, and the house is empty. He was absolutely off his chump at breakfast this morning, and more insulting than ever, but it made no impression. The only reply he got was, "Will you pass the toast, please?" So off he went again. Do you remember this of Heine?

In two little rooms my heart divides, Joy, wide awake, in one resides, While slumbering sorrow in the other hides. Oh joy, sing gently in thy sleep, Let sorrow wake through hearing thee.

I am makin' meals off Heine. Oh, sweetheart mine, I want you so much that it's one big ache. —Yours always, Little Wee Thing.

P.S.—He continues to be amiable. I shall suggest he asks you round Sunday. What!

A copy of the letter was made, and the original sent on to co-respondent. Petitioner told his wife he was going to Brighton. The house was watched, and co-respondent was seen kissing the respondent good-bye at the gate. Then petitioner made inquiries at Bakewell, and filed his petition.

Petitioner gave evidence, denying cross-examination made against him.

A servant also gave evidence, and the jury found there had been misconduct between respondent and co-respondent.

Petitioner was granted a decree nisi, with costs, and custody of the children.

NEWS ITEMS.

Sixty Steamers "Held Up."

Sixty steamers were awaiting berths in the River Mersey yesterday.

Khaki Uniforms for Belgians.

A new khaki uniform for all arms has been adopted, says the Central News, by the Belgian Army.

London Magistrate's Illness.

Owing to illness Mr. Fordham could not take his seat at West London Police Court yesterday, and his place was taken by the Hon. John de Grey.

No Academy Banquet?

Although the Royal Academy exhibition will be held as usual this year, the annual banquet will in all probability be abandoned, says a newsagency.

£305 Damages for Prison Governor.

Major Owen E. M. Davies, Governor of Pentonville Gaol, was awarded £305 damages in Mr. Justice Lawrence's court yesterday for personal injuries sustained in a motor-omnibus collision.

War Bonus for the Police.

The London police, it was announced officially last night, are to receive a war bonus of 3s. a week for the duration of the war in recognition of extra work willingly done and to meet increased cost of living.

Soldiers and Their Votes.

The Prime Minister has informed Mr. Richards that he is afraid it would be impracticable for arrangements to be made for soldiers and sailors to exercise the franchise at the coming parochial elections.

Gifts to Famous Art Galleries.

Bequests of pictures to South Kensington Museum and, failing acceptance by that institution, to art galleries in Westminster, Beckenham, Exeter, or Norwich, have been made by Mr. G. N. Hooper, late of Beckenham.

Not That Was Unseasonable.

That he nodded to the ticket-collector like a season-ticket holder was stated of William Mills, Victoria-road, Teddington, who was fined at West London yesterday for travelling on the District Railway without paying his fare.

Britons' £4,000,000,000 Investments.

"Good authorities have estimated that the total British capital invested abroad amounts to £4,000,000,000, and that the income from interest on Colonial and foreign investments amounts to £200,000,000," states the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Soldiers always march in comfort when their feet, as well as their boots, are rubbed with Cherry Yellow Dubbin. It waterproofs the boots and prevents foot-soreness. Prepared by makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. —(Advt.)

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Cheltenham was again favoured with delightful weather yesterday, when the National Hunt meeting was concluded. Fields were much stronger than on the previous day, and several of the races provided thrilling finishes. The Coventry Steeplechase, which attracted several Grand National horses, was an especially exciting affair, and in beating Queen Immaal by a short head Lamentable alone for her defeat in the Allie Steeplechase at Manchester.

To-day there are meetings at Lingfield and Hooton Park. Selections are appended:—

1.50—WILD ASHER.	1.45—FRANK KNIFE.
2.20—HIGHLANDS.	2.15—NOAH.
2.50—MICKY FREE.	2.45—BALGADDEN.
3.20—PLAYSEED.	3.15—ANDY WHITE.
3.50—BRUCE.	3.45—PANTASIO.
4.20—GRAYLING IV.	4.15—BOY HARKER.

Double Event for To-day.

* GRAYLING IV. and PANTASIO. BOUVIERIE.

CHELTEMHAM RACING RETURNS.

1.15—Cleve Hurdle. 2m.—Emerald Isle (11-4, W. J. Smith), 1; Duke of Lancaster (5-1), 2; B and S (8-1), 3. 1.45—Swindon Chase. 3m.—Bridge IV (3-1, Avila), 1; Nemo (6-4), 2; Bylar (10-1), 3. 8 ran. 2.30—Coventry Chase. 3m.—Lamentable (11-2, Walkington), 1; Queen Immaal (5-1), 2; Hackler's Bay (11-2), 3. 3.15—National Hunt Chase. 2m. 100y.—Variety (4-1, R. Gordon), 1; Heed (10-1), 2. 7 ran. 4.0—Fountain's Cup. 4m.—Dixie Ashura (4-7, Mr. Anthony), 1; Ocean Breeze II (20-1), 2; Scotch Bonnet (100-7), 3. 5 ran. 4.30—County Hurdle. 2 1/2m.—Full Stop (4-1, Duller), 1; Flurry (7-1), 2; G ndovar (5-1), 3. 10 ran.

T. 2913 B



G. E. V. Crutchley, the famous cricketer, who is wounded and a prisoner. He has stayed for Harrow, Oxford and Middlesex.

BLAKE BEATS HARRY REEVE.

Handsome Blake celebrated his return from the front when he defeated Harry Reeve on points in a twenty-rounds match at the Ring last night. Throughout the contest Blake was the better boxer, and he had no difficulty in connecting the weight to a very strong and rugged fighter.

PERFECT MARGARINE

Just taste it!

ONE taste of Perfect Margarine—and you know how delicious it is! Use Perfect Margarine regularly—and you prove, every day, its Purity, its Nutritiousness, its supreme Economy. Start to-day!

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or 6d. per 1 lb.

Freshly churned from Nuts and Milk, Perfect Margarine is first-rate for cooking, a treat on bread or toast.

HOME & COLONIAL

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"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AS A FILM: MR. HENRY AINLEY'S DUAL ROLE



Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Jane Gail.

Anthony Hope's famous story "The Prisoner of Zenda" has been "screened" by the London Film Company. The cast is a very strong one, and includes Mr. Henry



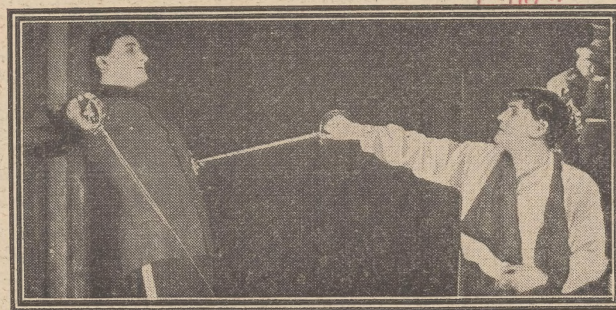
The scene in the great cathedral of Streslau before the Coronation, which is a dazzling scene.

Ainley, who plays the dual rôle of the King and Rudolf Rassendyll, and Miss Jane Gail, who is Princess Flavia.

MR. JOHN COKE.



Mr. John Coke, the owner and trainer of greyhounds, who has died. He was closely associated with the Waterloo Cup.



Rudolf, who is fighting for the King's life, gets a thrust home. There are many exciting incidents in this film, and it is sure to enjoy great popularity. There is to be a sequel to the story called "Rupert of Hentzau."

MR. BURBIDGE.



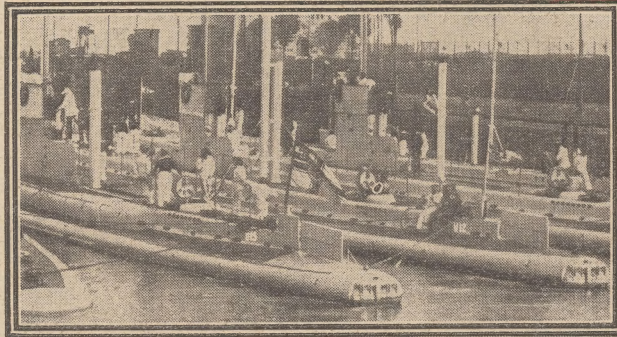
Mr. W. H. Burbidge, the Chichester trainer, who has died. W. Lane, the jockey, was one of his apprentices.

A SERVICE IN THE DESERT.



Australian soldiers, now quartered in Egypt, attend a service in the desert. The preacher can be seen in the background. The picture shows what splendid men go to form this overseas contingent.

A GAP IN THE PIRATE FLEET.



German submarines in harbour. Among them are the U 15, sunk in the early days of the war by H.M.S. Birmingham, and the U 12, which the destroyer Ariel has just sent to the bottom.

PRACTICAL GIRL GUIDES.

9.10086 F



Girl guides cleaning up their hostel, which Sir Robert Baden-Powell is to open to-day. The girls have fitted it up themselves, and have all appliances for treating anyone injured in an air raid.

TRAINER'S AFFAIRS.

P. 49 D



Mr. Richard Marsh, who has been gazetted a bankrupt. He is the well-known trainer of racehorses.

YOUTHFUL ACTRESS.

P. 619 J



Miss Margaret Swallow as Lady Di in "The Whip." She claims to be the youngest leading lady.—(Bassano.)

MISS KATE CARNEY'S BETTING DEBTS.

Agent's Unsuccessful Action Against Noted Variety Artist.

"WARNED OFF THE TURF."

Miss Kate Carney, the music-hall artist, who in private life is Mrs. Kate Barclay, was the defendant yesterday in an action in Mr. Justice Scrutton's court for the recovery of alleged betting debts brought by Mr. Ralph Levy, turf commission agent, of 52, Regent-street.

Mr. L. S. Green explained that plaintiff claimed £1,166 13s. 7d. from the defendant as representing money due to him from Miss Carney in connection with betting transactions and £8 which he had paid to her in error.

The parties had had business relations for a considerable time, and up to July, 1913, those relations had been of a happy character.

BEGAN TO BET HEAVILY.

Mr. Levy had rendered his account regularly and the amount due had been paid, or when the lady had a "good week" she promptly received what was due to her.

On July 19 Miss Kate Carney began to bet heavily, and within a week she was indebted to the plaintiff to the amount of £1,166.

That account was not met, although the plaintiff wrote to her, pressing for payment.

Miss Carney wrote:—

I am sorry I can't pay, as I have had a run of bad luck. Wait for a while and as soon as I can I will make some arrangement.

Eventually Mr. Levy wrote to the defendant that if she did not pay he would put the matter in the hands of the committee of Tattersall's.

He invoked the assistance of the committee, and defendant was given notice accordingly. The committee found that the defendant was indebted to the plaintiff for £1,166 for bets and £8 money paid in error, and they ordered it to be repaid at the rate of £100 a month.

REPORTED TO JOCKEY CLUB.

The Judge: Why don't you go to them to enforce it? Let them send her to prison. (Laughter.)

Mr. Green: I am prepared to get it at your hands.

The Judge: We will see whether you can. Proceeding, Mr. Green said the defendant had not paid, and he believed the committee of Tattersall's had reported her to the Jockey Club and she had been warned off the Turf.

Plaintiff, in the witness-box, said he agreed to accept £200 in settlement of his claim, but the money had not been forthcoming.

Miss Carney had told him that she had a revenue coming on which had cost her a lot of money, but as soon as it was successful she would pay him. He had not received a penny.

Mr. Walter Hart, plaintiff's clerk, said he attended at Tattersall's committee room and Miss Carney was there. She admitted that she owed the money and explained that she could not pay. The committee said she ought to repay it at the rate of £100 a week.

Mr. J. B. Matthews argued that the defendant had no case to answer, for it was necessary that the plaintiff should prove that there was an agreement by the defendant to accept the decision of Tattersall's committee.

The Judge said the defendant was a lady who made bets and when she lost did not pay. He was not there to deal with the morals of that conduct. All he had to do was to administer the law.

Defendant attended the meeting of Tattersall's Committee, but there was no agreement that she should abide by the decision given there, and therefore the action failed.

The action would therefore be dismissed, with costs.

Mr. Tennant announces that all the copies of *Scissors and Paste*, a Dublin paper which selected and printed derogatory references to the cause of the Allies, have been seized as well as the printing plant.

HOW TO MAKE FLESHY HIPS SLIM AND GRACEFUL.

An excess of fatty tissue on hips or abdomen not only prevents one from looking well or feeling comfortable, but it is likely to keep increasing until all the youthful beauty of the figure is gone. A very simple yet wonderfully effective means for quickly and permanently reducing this superfluous flesh consists in applying night and morning a harmless herb mixture composed of one dram of quassia chips and three ounces of cirola bark extract, which you can get at small cost from any good chemist. Put the quassia chips in a pan and pour over them a teacupful of boiling water, in about half-a-minute strain through a cloth and add the cirola bark extract, when it is ready for use. This recipe is also very valuable for reducing double chin, puffy neck, arms, hands, etc. The fat shrinks away rapidly, leaving no wrinkles or flabbiness.

CAUTION.—Be sure and apply on BOTH hips or BOTH arms for a difference in one of them would soon be noticeable if the lotion were only used on one side.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA HAIR TONIC, the kind he sells under a signed guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 2s. 11d. and 4s. 3d.—(Adv't.)

Cockle's

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The Famous Remedy for BILIOUSNESS and INDIGESTION.



Of Chemists throughout the world, 1/12 & 2/6.

LIFE'S GOODWIN SANDS.

The "Goodwin Sands" of life are the years between twelve and twenty-one. Then every weakness implanted in the system by heredity or acquired since birth has its most malicious influence, for during these years both growth and development are rapid.

Between twelve and twenty-one youths and girls need the frequent help of new blood, and no watchful parent should ignore this pressing necessity. Neglect in these critical years may lead to serious consequences, the most common being St. Vitus' Dance and decline, with a future of wrecked manhood or unhealthy womanhood. Whenever a child grows pale and nervous, loses flesh and appetite and complains of "growing pains," remember he or she is undergoing a complex and wonderful change, the successful issue depending upon the child's blood.

If you have reason to suspect any hereditary weakness, if there are pallor, languor, lack of appetite, headache, palpitations and pains in the joints and limbs give your son or daughter at once the new blood needed. Nothing for the purpose is more useful and prompt than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as a few doses will prove.

You can obtain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of any dealer to-day; but do not accept the substitutes offered by some tradesmen.

FREE.—The Health Guide for Men, Women and Children. Send a postcard to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv't.)

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR—NO DANDRUFF.—1/1½ DANDERINE.

Hair coming out? If dry, thin, faded, bring back its colour and lustre.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately

doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 1/1½ bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine.



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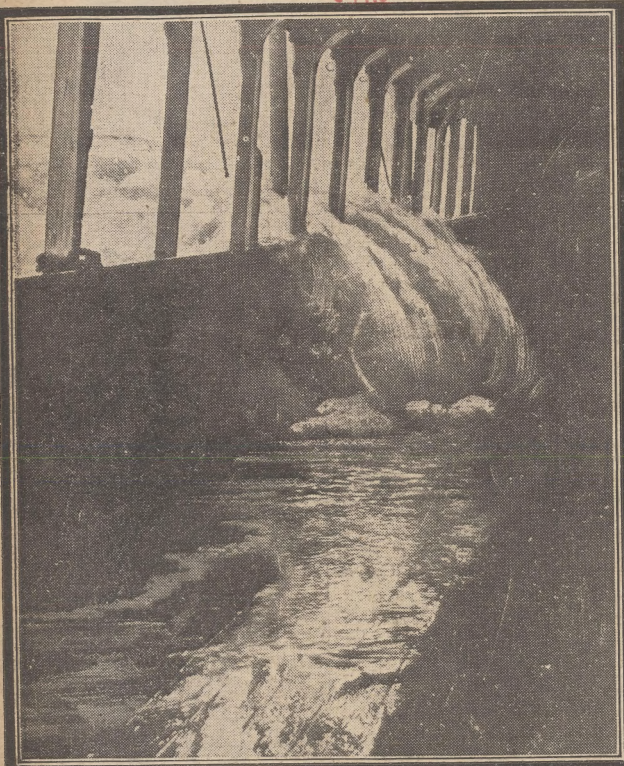
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Sunday Newspaper.
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ROUGH WEATHER ON THE HIGH SEAS.

9.1410



The deck of one of his Majesty's ships washed by great waves. The vessel has to patrol the seas to keep them open for our commerce, which goes on uninterruptedly, despite Von Tirpitz's "blockades."

BRITISH MACHINE GUN IN ACTION.

9.331 A



A machine-gun in a British trench "somewhere in France." It is covered by sandbags, and it would be very difficult for the enemy to see where the death-dealing bullets were coming from.

WILL HE FIGHT?

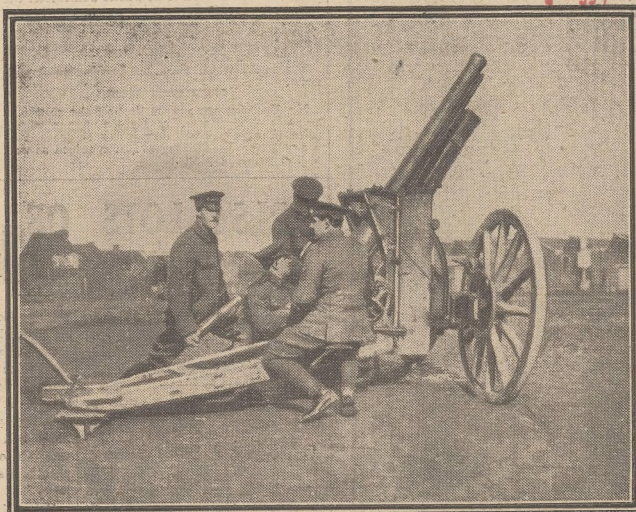
9.423 T



Germany's oldest soldier, who is stated to be 103 years old. The enemy is calling up elderly men, so perhaps his turn may come yet. The store of Iron Crosses is still very large.

WAITING TO SHOOT A "DOVE."

9.331 B



A British anti-aircraft gun in France. The men have just received a message that a Taube is coming in their direction, and they are seen loading up in readiness to give the pilot a warm reception.

SOLE SURVIVOR.

9.17091



James O'Toole, the only survivor of the steamer Tangistan, which was torpedoed off Scarborough. He was in the water for two and a half hours clinging to a box.